

man and his message. Everyone has his own special yard-stick with which to measure the world, and his, naturally enough, measures degrees in sanitation and public health.

One does not need to be a specialist in these matters, however, to appreciate the atmosphere of the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto.

We were a little late, the curtain was up on the first act of "Green Stockings," and the large audience was already under the spell of Miss Percy Haswell and her company. We succumbed in turn, and the fortunes of Celia Faraday and her fictitious fiancée, Colonel John Smith, claimed unbroken attention. It was not until after the second act, when Miss Haswell had made a neat little speech in response to her sixth curtain call that the hygienic bug hit my friend again.

"Funny thing, I never thought of it before, but there is a lot of good copy in the theatre and its relation to public health. Miss Haswell has played in innumerable theatres and must have a lot of interesting information stored away."

"Suppose we go behind and interview her," said the writer.

"That is a bold idea," said the Doctor. "Let us talk to her manager."

We found Mr. W. L. Grove in the vestibule. "Talk to Miss Haswell?" said he. "Certainly not. It is half my work keeping her from speaking to people."

A little explanation paved the way, however, and two minutes later we were shaking hands with Miss Haswell in her dressing-room. We were to be pardoned if for the moment we forgot completely what our real mission was. Miss Haswell has a radiant personality, and there was a sense of being "in the presence" until she broke the ice:

"Confess you are disappointed," she said. "You expected to find this a topsyturvy place, did you not; all cluttered up with rogue pots and patchouli?"

"Well, we actresses are much more orderly and hygienic than the public imagine. Physical fitness and proper surroundings are positive necessities in our profession. The opposite spells failure."

"Are the theatres as a rule fairly healthy to work in?" asked the writer. "We were just discussing the excellent ventilation here, and the delicious, perfumed coolness."

"Ah," said Miss Haswell, "but the Royal Alexandra is really an exception, and the perfume, that is Mr. Grove's secret. Of course, the new theatres are steadily improving. Architects are beginning to be less prodigal of gilt and plush and are paying more attention to comfort and to hygienic necessities throughout the building.

"Of course, there are some old theatres which are sad places, positively poisonous, both for actors and audience; but I think the public will gradually discriminate against them. The finest acting will not atone for an evening spent in a vitiated atmosphere.

"There is another thing that should be mentioned," she said. "Some people imagine that an actress ruins her complexion with cosmetics. It is not true. Constant use of pure cold cream and other good essentials of the make-up, including the massage required, have a beneficial effect, and I think it is only just to say that women of the stage who are the least bit careful in other ways have the very finest complexions."

The call boy's voice shrilled down the passage, and she was gone, with a smiling flash of lovely teeth and a swish of silk. After all, "the play's the thing!"

Looking back over those few minutes with Toronto's favorite actress, one collects a cordial personality, intensely magnetic and absolutely sincere. In our school days we would have voted Percy Haswell "a jolly nice lady." And it would have meant a great deal more than all the compliments one can devise in after years.

REFRIGERATORS

BY R. RUTLEDGE.

If the old proverbs are still true, that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound

of cure," and "a dollar saved is a dollar earned," then sanitary refrigeration is